Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVIII. No. 25 MONTREAL, JUNE 19, 1903. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

The Strenuous Life of John Wesley.

(The Rev. John T. Faris, in the 'Well-spring.')

'If men may be measured by the work they have accomplished, John Wesley can hardly fail to be recorded as the greatest figure that has appeared in the religious world since the days of the Reformation.'

Because this judgment of John Richard Green, the historian of the English people, has been so universally endorsed, there is widespread interest in the celebration, on June seventeenth, 1903, of the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the founder of Methodism.

Every biographer of this Christian hero dwells at length on the influence of his mother, Susannah Wesley, in shaping his life. She was a remarkable woman. The mother of nineteen children, she found time to train every member of her household to right living. In the midst of great poverty, her trust in God did not falter. The lessons learned from her, John Wesley never forgot.

When, at the age of eleven, John Wesley went to the famous Charterhouse School and found himself the butt of cheap jokes because he was a charity student, he was the better able to bear his trials because of the training of such a father and mother.

At Oxford, his circumstances were somewhat better, especially when, by hard study, he won a fellowship. The income from this was, at first, thirty pounds a year. Of this sum, he gave away two pounds. When, later, he received sixty pounds, he did not increase his expenditures, but gave away thirty-two pounds. One day, when he had no money to give a hungry beggar, he lamented his prodigal expenditures on himself, and resolved to be more careful! This early habit of generous giving he retained through life. When he was eighty-six years old, he wrote in his journal: 'I save all I can, to give all I can: that is, all I have.'

While at Oxford, he gathered a number of his fellows about him and formed a club for purposes of profit to themselves and help to others. The members read together, visited the sick and the prisoners, and prayed with condemned criminals. Those who did not understand their purpose, or who felt condemned by their example, ridiculed them. The name, 'The Holy Club,' was given to them by some; by others they were called 'Methodists.' Not satisfied with ridicule, many of their opponents persecuted the earnest young men. Wesley wrote his father of the persecution. In his answer, Samuel Wesley exhorted him to steadfastness, and added that since his son had been called the father of The Holy Club, he might be called the grandfather, and he would glory in the name.

After the death of his father, Wesley was urged to go as a missionary to Georgia, then a new settlement. He was attracted by the call, but thought he ought not to leave his widowed mother. However, when she learned his desire, she bade him go, saying: 'Had I twenty sons, I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them more.'

The visit to America turned the course of the young minister's life. He declared in his journal that he went to Georgia hoping to save his soul by works of self-denial and righteousness. But, on the voyage out from England, he met some Moravian missionaries, who opened his eyes to the fact that there was something lacking in his spiritual experience. When, after some years in America, he returned home, he realized that he needed to know more of salvation by faith. On the advice of Peter Böhler, a young Moravian, he determined to preach with all his might the gospel of faith, in the hope that the light would break into his own soul. His purpose was carried out, and, on May twenty-fourth, his hope was realized. He called that the date of his true conversion.

In the meantime, he had preached so earnestly and personally that the doors of many Established churches were closed to him. He was even refused admission to the old church at Epworth. Thereupon he stepped on his father's tomb and preached with such earnestness and power that many were converted.

Shut out of the Church of England, to which he had always been loyal, but determined to obey God's call to preach, he found his opportunities in the streets and in the fields. Out-of-door preaching was not easy for a man of his traditions and training. All his life he had been, as he said, 'so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order' that he was tempted to think 'the saving of souls almost a sin if not done in a church.' But he saw his duty clearly, and, with the sublime statement, 'All the world is my parish,' he began his laborious travels, which lasted forty years, to and fro throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland.

Augustine Birrell says: 'He made his journeys for the most part on horseback. He paid more turnpikes than any man who ever bestrode a beast. Eight thousand miles was his annual record for many a long year, during each of which he seldom preached less frequently than a thousand times. He visited again and again the most out-of-the-way districts, the remotest corners of England, places which to-day lie far from the reacher after the picturesque. None but the sturdiest of pedestrians, the most determined of cyclists, can retrace the steps of Wesley and his horse, and stand by the rocks

and the natural amphitheatres in Cornwall and Northumberland, in Lancashire and Berkshire, where he preached the gospel to the heathen.

During these years of toil, the life of the itinerant preacher was often threatened by mobs which had been inflamed against him.

One experience he described as follows: 'The rabble brought a bull they had been baiting, and strove to drive it among the people. But the bull was wiser than his drivers; it ran on either side of us, while we quietly sang praise to God and prayed. They drove the bull against the table. I put aside his head with my hand, that the blood might not drop upon my clothes.' On another occasion, 'they drove cows among the congregation, and threw stones, one of which struck me between the eyes. But I felt no pain at all, and, when I had wiped away the blood, went on testifying that God hath not given us the spirit of fear.'

It has been estimated that Wesley travelled two hundred and ninety thousand miles in all, and preached more than forty thousand sermons, most of them in the open air. Yet he found time to read more than two thousand volumes, to edit a monthly magazine, and to write more than two hundred volumes, including works on history, philosophy, literature, electricity, and theology. Someone has said with truth: 'Few men could have travelled as much as he, had they omitted all else. Few could have preached as much, without either travel or study. And few could have written and published as much, had they avoided both travel and preaching.'

He labored on, until, at eighty-seven years of age, he preached his last sermon in the open air. A few months longer he continued his work, visiting some of the towns where mobs had sought to harm him. Here, as everywhere, he was given a hearty welcome, men of all classes thronging to hear him preach in the chapels.

On February third, 1791, he preached for the last time. Four weeks later, the Father of Methodism passed away. His last words appear on his monument in Westminster Abbey:—

'The best of all is, God is with us.'

Sunday is Such a Loving Day

(Susan Teall Perry, in 'Christian Work.')

Mr. Halstead was riding uptown on the Sixth-avenue elevated. The cars were crowded, as it was the time when business was over and the tired workers were going home. There happened to be no one near Mr. Halstead that he knew, so he had no one to talk to and his evening paper had been finished before he left the office.

Naturally he was left to his own thoughts and they were in this wise:

'Strange I could not tell Frank Wilbur the ages of my children to-day! I believe Roy was six last spring, but whether he was born in April or May, I cannot remember. I must look up the matter of birthdays and make a note of them, for it is quite embarrassing for a man not to be able to tell his friends how old his own children are. But then it is not to be wondered at. We business men are so occupied with the question of bread-and-butter-getting that other subjects are absorbed by it. I don't believe half of us know our children—their characteristics and abilities cannot well be learned in the short time before we leave for business in the morning and after the dinner hour at night. And Sundays? The mornings are taken up at church and in the afternoon the children go to Sunday-school.'

'But what of the time after Sunday-school?' asked the father's conscience. It had been such an easy matter to fall asleep on the lounge after the children went to Sunday-school, and if asleep when they came home, they were admonished to keep quiet and not awaken papa. If he were wakeful and preferred to entertain himself with an interesting book, he was irritated if the children interrupted him with questions or made a noise in the room. So Sunday was a day of restraint because father was home.

'Are you doing your duty by your children?' asked the stern voice of conscience. 'You provide for them in a temporal way, but do you help them any in the forming of noble characters, which will not only be a source of happiness to them in after-life, but to all those with whom they will come in contact? Is their mother the only one responsible for their spiritual necessities?'

'Ninety-first street,' called out the guard and Mr. Halstead buttoned up his coat and hastily joined the crowd that got off at that station.

'Hallo, papa,' called out a boyish voice, 'mamma said we might come to the station and meet you because we had been so good all day.' The father was soon going down the elevated stairs hand-in-hand with a little boy on each side of him.

'Glad you've been good boys to-day, Guy and Roy, but aren't you always good?'

'No, papa, not always,' answered the smaller one of the two; 'sometimes we are very bad.'

'I'm sorry to hear that, my son. What makes you bad?'

'I don't know, papa; something ugly gets inside of us I guess.'

'You are getting to be big boys now and ought to know how to behave yourselves. Roy, how old are you?'

'Why, papa, have you forgotten my birthday? Don't you know I was seven years old last April, the fifteenth day? I had a party and don't you know you came in to dinner just as the girls and boys were going home?'

'Oh, yes, I remember it now, Roy. And you, Guy; let me see, your birthday comes ——'

'Next month, papa; and don't you remember you said you would take me yourself off somewhere on a steamboat? Don't you know I'll be five years old then?'

'Oh, yes—yes; and Bessie's birthday comes in July.'

'She's a great big girl now, Bessie, is: she's going on ten; she said so to-day,' answered Roy.

The boys had never come to the station before to meet their father, and when they went into the house Mr. Halstead's wife met him at the door.

'Do you know, Will,' she said, as she gave her husband the coming-home kiss, 'your Cousin Frank was here to-day, and he said he asked you in the office this morning how old your children were, and you could not tell him? Frank thought it was a great joke, but I thought it a very serious fact, and began to think how busy your life is outside and how little time you have at home with your children. It is really alarming how little business men in the city know about their own children.'

'I was thinking that over coming up in the train, and I tell you, Madge, I've resolved to turn over a new leaf. If I am tired at night, I'm going to give an hour to the children after dinner, and the balance of Sunday afternoon after they get home from Sunday-school. I realized to-day that I have hardly become acquainted with my own children.'

'That is the reason, Will, I let the children go to the station to meet you to-night. It would give them a little more time with their father.'

The new leaf was turned that night. Father had a game with the children and told them stories until bedtime. And when Sunday came he made it so pleasant for the children that little Roy said to his mother a few weeks since: 'O mamma, Sunday is such a loving day now. Papa takes us on his lap and loves us and tells us such nice stories, and we are all so happy together.'

Now, fathers, ponder this subject of time with your children in your hearts. Companionship with one's children makes them confidential with their father. They learn to know how to regard his counsel as good, because given by one who loves them and has their best interests at heart. Remember, in all your business dealing and home-life, that 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.' Do not let any wrong-doings tarnish the name that your children must bear through life. When you teach them to honor you because you are their father, make yourself worthy of that honor.

The Sheep That Was Lost.

On the Aletusch Glacier I saw a strange, beautiful sight—the parable of the 'Ninety and nine,' repeated to the letter. One day we were making our way with ice-axe and alpenstock down the glacier, when we observed a flock of sheep following their shepherd over the intricate windings between crevasses, and so passing from the pastures on the one side of the glacier to the pastures on the other. The flock had numbered two hundred all told. But on the way one sheep got lost. One of the shepherds, in his German patois, appealed to us if we had seen it. Fortunately one of the party had a field-glass. With its aid we discovered it up amid a tangle of brush-wood, on the rocky mountain side.

It was beautiful to see how the shepherd, without a word, left his hundred and ninety-nine sheep out in the glacier waste, knowing they would stand there perfectly still and safe, and went clambering back after the lost sheep until he found it. And he actually put it on his shoulders and 'returned rejoicing.' Here was our Lord's parable enacted before our eyes, though the shepherd was all unconscious of it. And it brought our Lord's teaching home to us with a vividness which none can realize but those who saw the incident.—'Waif.'

Postal Crusade.

MANITOBA'S FIRST W.C.T.U. MESSAGE TO THE POST-OFFICE CRUSADE.

'May the lives of many be brightened and enriched by your Missionary effort.'

These words of cheer come from the sister of the World's W.C.T.U. Treasurer. With the message came a thirty-cent subscription.

Samples of the little paper have gone to every Dominion officer of the W.C.T.U. and all officers of the provinces. The edition for July-August will soon be ready. Will all interested send thirty cents to

The 'Post-Office Crusade,'
112 Irvine avenue,
Westmount, Que.

Prize Winners.

The following are the successful competitors in the competition announced in the 'Messenger,' April 24th, having obtained the three largest numbers of subscriptions for the 'Northern Messenger':—Miss L. Sterling, Maxwell, Ont. 64 subscriptions; Bessie F. Graham, Bridgeport, N.S., 38 subscriptions; Elsie B. Smith, Bear Point, N.S., 11 subscriptions. The successful competitors will therefore receive the Number One fountain pen.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Mischief of a Lost Pocket-Book

(The Rev. John T. Faris, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

'To my nephew, Thomas Ridley Seward, three hundred dollars in cash, to be used as he thinks best.'

This was the clause in the will of Uncle Asa Pennoyer which for a time unsettled Tom Seward's mind by making him dissatisfied with his lot in life.

At first he was grateful, of course. He had never thought of receiving a cent from his uncle's estate. The three hundred dollars seemed a fortune. He could do so many things with that sum. He was eager to get his hands on it that he might begin to carry out some of his plans. How pleased he was with the provision that the money was to be used as he thought best!

But there was some delay in settling up the estate, and during the weeks before the legacy was paid Tom had opportunity to change his mind. Could he do so much with three hundred dollars, after all? It was not enough to build the cottage of which he was already dreaming; it was not enough to give him a start in business, even in a small way; neither would it enable him to buy a share in the company which employed him.

He actually began to be displeased with the unexpected legacy. 'If Uncle Pennoyer wanted to help me at all, why didn't he do something worth while—give me a thousand at the very least? He was able to do it. He might as well have left me out as throw a paltry three hundred at me.'

Tom did not make this remark so that anyone could hear; he was too much of a gentleman for that. And he was ashamed of himself for even harboring the thought. He tried to drive it from his mind, but it persisted. 'What's three hundred dollars to a young man in my position?' was the question he was continually asking himself.

Now, Tom's position had been eminently satisfactory to himself—until the legacy came. He was not in the least conceited, but he felt he was doing pretty well for a young man who had never had many advantages. Ever since he could remember he had been experimenting with electricity, and his situation as lineman with the Penwell Electric Light Company had been given him because of knowledge gained in this way. As lineman he received a fair salary—not enough, indeed, to justify him in setting up a home of his own yet, but more than most others of his age in Penwell were receiving. He had begun to have visions of the day when he could build his own cottage and settle down. But he had not been impatient for the realization of this dream. That would come with promotion and the share in the business which he hoped to buy—some day.

Now, however, the thought of his legacy made him restless. How easy it would have been—if only the legacy had been larger! What a start in life he might have had—if only the legacy had been larger! How the fellows would have envied him—if only the legacy had been larger! At length the three hundred dollars were handed him. He placed the amount in the bank on certificate of deposit, until he could determine what to do with it. 'We allow four percent on this, if you leave it with us six months,' the cashier said as he turned away from the window.

He remembered the words as he lounged in his room that evening. 'Four percent—the very idea! That may be all very well for men who have their thousands; but what does four percent on three hundred dollars amount to? I wish interest rates had never gone down. Now, if I could only get the two percent per month father says he had to pay out in California during the war, that would be something like. But four percent a year! Bah!'

To get away from his unpleasant thoughts he turned to the paper. Unconsciously, but naturally, considering his present state of mind, he turned to the financial page. Here the black-letter advertisements of oil and mining companies stared him in the face. He read them every one, with all their glittering promises of fabulous returns on every dollar invested. As he read he commented to himself:

'Here's Spindle Top Consolidated guarantees forty percent in one year's time. Pretty good, but oil is so uncertain. . . . Rocky Ford Gold Smelting Company, fifteen percent, shares five hundred dollars. That lets me out. . . . Mexican Rubber Company, two hundred percent in ten years. That is fine, but I can't wait ten years. . . There doesn't seem to be anything here for me. . . . But what's this about the stock market? "Double your money in a single week by dealing in futures through Gay and Company, 45 Wall Street. For an example of how fortunes are made in a day, see first page of this paper. You may do as well!" '

Tom turned to the first page. There he read of great excitement on 'Change the day before because of a partially successful attempt to corner the wheat supply. A large number of unfortunates had been squeezed, but a few had reaped a harvest.

'"You might do as well," Gay and Company say,' mused Tom. 'And why not? If I could double my money every week, or even every month, the cottage and the share in the business would both come in a year's time. It would be gambling, I know, and Uncle Pennoyer was down on anything of the kind; but he said I am to use this money as I please. And I intend to do so. This is too good a chance to lose. Gay and Company seem to know their business. I'll send them three hundred tomorrow. Then an end to drudgery and boarding-house loneliness!'

The letter was written at once, but was left unsealed for the insertion of the draft next day.

In the morning his mind was unchanged. He planned to get the draft at the noon hour, and mail the letter at once to the brokers. 'No use to lose a single day,' he thought.

There was nothing for him to do on the lines that day, and he was sent out on a collecting trip. 'Here are bills for four hundred dollars, Tom. Get the money as quickly as possible,' were his instructions.

'O yes,' the foreman added, at the same time handing him a paper. 'Stop at these addresses as you return, and read the meters.'

These errands were promptly attended to, and Tom started back to the office with the four hundred dollars stuffed into his breast pocket. As he walked briskly along, he thought joyfully of the fortune which seemed to be almost within his grasp. He was so carried away by the delightful picture that he failed to see a careless bicyclist bearing down upon him as he stepped from the curb at a street crossing. There was a collision, and the next thing he knew he was being helped to his feet by sympathetic passers-by.

In a half-dazed condition he stumbled on to the office. As he entered the door, he put his hand in his coat to take out the bill-book. But it was not there. He felt in his other pockets, but without success. It was gone.

'I must have lost it when I was knocked into the gutter,' he thought. 'I am sure I had it just before the accident. Strange I didn't think of it then, but I was so dazed I hardly knew my own name for a minute. Not much use to go back now, I'm afraid; but I'll try it.'

His heart beat rapidly as he sought the corner. Hurriedly he scanned the gutter, but found nothing. His eager face attracted the attention of the policeman stationed near by.

'What is it?' he asked. 'A pocketbook? Lost it ten minutes ago? Well, my lad, I'm sorry for you; but, as fully five hundred people have passed this way in that time, I fear you have no chance of finding it. Hope there wasn't much of it.'

Tom turned away with a sinking heart. The finder might return the pocketbook, but he could not count on that. He must report his collections at once. If he should tell of his loss, he would either be suspected as a liar and a thief, or he would be lectured for carelessness. Discharge would surely follow in either case.

'I must say nothing, and replace the money,' he thought. 'That legacy, added to what I have saved, will be just enough. Gay and Company must wait; there's no help for it. Fortunately I remember the names of those who have paid their bills, and so can report them when I hand over the money.'

With a sigh of regret the necessary amount was drawn from the bank. The balance left to his credit was pitifully small.

That was a trying week for Tom. Try as he would, he could learn nothing of the lost pocketbook. The next week was even more trying, for the papers reported that Gay and Company had made millions in corn, and many of their clients had shared in the winnings.

'Just my luck!' he thought. 'Here I had planned to invest my legacy with that firm. It would have been in their hands right now, and my bank-account would have been much larger than it was. But I had to lose that money, and my chance is gone.'

It did not improve his temper next day, when, seated in the Fourth Church, of which he was a member, he heard his pastor preach from the text, 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' The arguments, illustrations, and applica-

tions brought forward by the speaker fell upon unbelieving ears, so far as Tom was concerned.

'I believed that once,' he muttered, 'but I don't believe it any longer. "Work together for good," indeed! See what has come to me. What good can there be in the loss of that money? I'd like to know. No good, but positive evil! I've had to sacrifice my chance in life, and who knows when I'll have another like it? Doctor Plumer says we must not be too hasty in forming our opinions—that we must wait in faith, and in time good will be seen in every so-called misfortune. Well, he's mistaken; that's all I have to say about it.'

For several weeks Tom continued to mourn his lost opportunity of getting rich quickly. He neglected his work, and was reprimanded several times.

The day after the last reprimand the papers reported the failure of Gay and Company, through the dishonesty of one of the firm.

'That would not have made any difference to me,' Tom insisted to himself. 'I would have had my money out of their hands long before this.'

At length, however, his common sense asserted itself, and he had a plain talk with himself.

'No, I wouldn't have had it out of their hands. It was my definite plan to leave it with them for some time to come. I would have lost it anyway, and been no better off than I am now. So it's time to wake up and be a man, Tom Seward! This sullen neglect of work will not do. Lose this position, and where will you be? No legacy, no position, and no recommendation. No, sir! I'll forget the disappointment, and go ahead as if I meant business. I must make the superintendent forget those reprimands he had to give me.'

Now Tom was a determined young man. When he set out to do a thing, he usually did it, if it was in his power. So from that day there was no further disapproval of his work. On the contrary, his attention to business and his improvement in practical knowledge were carefully noted by the keen-eyed superintendent.

So a year passed. At the end of that time the assistant superintendent, who had charge of the company's lines, gave notice of his intention to resign in six months, and the Penwell Electric Light Company was under the necessity of finding his successor. As it was the company's policy to promote their own men when possible, the superintendent cast about him for someone capable of filling the place. One day he surprised Tom by calling him to the office.

'Mr. Seward,' he began, 'are you satisfied with your present position? Would you like to prepare yourself for advancement?'

Tom answered very readily. Then the superintendent almost took his breath away by adding, 'We must have a new assistant superintendent soon. Our Mr. Phillips leaves us in six months. We have watched your work, and we think you have it in you to take his place. But you would need to put in the coming six months at hard study in some good electrical school. Can you do this?'

Tom hesitated. What a chance! Assistant superintendent, at one hundred dollars a month! But—where was the money for the electrical course to come from? If only he had the legacy at hand now! But the legacy was gone, and he had saved barely one hundred dollars in the year since its loss. He knew how little this sum would do at a technical school. Must he, then, lose his chance?

'Thank you, Mr. Lathrop,' he finally stammered. 'Can you give me until Saturday to think it over? I do not see how I can raise the money for the school bills, but I must make a try for it.'

'Very well, Mr. Seward,' was the reply. 'Come to me Saturday evening and give me your answer.' As Tom turned to go, Mr. Lathrop thought: 'Wish I could help him out. But it is his own fault if he cannot raise the money. In the three years we have employed him he ought to have saved enough to go to school six months. I thought he had. If not, we do not want him for assistant superintendent. The man who cares for the company's property must be a saving man.'

This was on Thursday. For two days Tom thought of many plans for raising the necessary funds, but after weighing them he decided that none were feasible. It seemed as if he must give up the opportunity.

On Saturday morning he made up his mind to end the matter by going at once to the superintendent and declining the tempting offer. But he was unable to carry out his intention because of a rush of business.

'I wish you would go to the Fourth Church, Tom, and read the meter there,' the foreman called to him when he came in after responding to an emergency call from the fire department. 'Through some oversight no bill has been sent to the church for a year, and the meter must be read to-day.'

When Tom reached the church, he climbed through the narrow trap-door which opened into the attic. In the dark corner where the meter stood he lit a match to read the cabalistic signs. His record was promptly made, and he was about to extinguish the light, when something on the floor near the meter attracted his attention. As he reached for it, the match went out. The package felt familiar as he grasped it. He groped his way to the trap-door, and in a moment was in the vestibule. There he examined his find.

'The lost pocketbook!' he cried.

Eagerly he tore it open. A roll of bills fell into his hands. He counted them; not one was missing. The money, lost for a year, was found.

'But how did it come to be in the garret, and how has it remained there undisturbed all this time?' Tom asked himself. 'I know; this is one of the meters I read on the day I lost the money, but I was so sure I had it just before the accident I never thought of looking here. I must have dropped it when I stooped to read the meter, and here I've been blaming that careless bicyclist all these months. Just to think it has been here all this time! As the meter has not been read since that day, no one found it. So I have my legacy again. That means schooling and promotion—and the cottage! Now I think no fault can be found with the use I make of my uncle's legacy.'

That afternoon the superintendent's offer was accepted. And three hours later Tom was in his pastor's study asking his advice about the school he should attend.

'I have the funds necessary for a course in any good school,' he explained. 'But it is no thanks to myself. The money is a legacy from my uncle, received a year ago. Until to-day this legacy has been lost, but I have found it just in the nick of time.' Then he explained the circumstances of his loss. He omitted nothing, not even his narrow escape from stock-gambling, and the failure of Gay and Company.

'Then do you do right in being thankful only for your uncle's legacy?' asked Dr. Plumer. 'How about that other legacy without which your uncle's money would have been worse than useless to you, the legacy of him who purposes that all things should work together for good to them that love God?'

'I have been thinking of that legacy, Doctor,' Tom answered. 'A year ago I questioned the truth of those words, even as I sat almost under the spot where God was keeping my money for me against my time of need, and so saving me from folly and sin. But I cannot doubt the promise to-day.'

No That Means Not.

(Sara V. Du Bois, in 'Intelligencer

'No, do not ask me boys; I cannot do it.'

'But it is just a bit of sport, and will not do any harm.'

'I am not so sure about that; the mere consciousness of having committed a wrong act is harm done.'

'Do not bother with him any longer, fellows,' said the leader of the band. 'You must have learned by this time when Teddy says "no," he means "no."'

What a brave, manly boy is this whose 'no' means 'no'! Somewhere there is a happy mother who watches him go in and out with joy in her heart; she knows she can safely trust him; and that he possesses the power of his convictions.

How many boys are there who realize the importance of saying 'no' that means 'no'?

There are so many temptations in life, so many places it is well to avoid, that the boy who yields too readily to the demands of others finds himself often on dangerous ground.

There is a time, also, to say 'yes,' a time when a clear, honest, manly 'yes' carries with it a conviction peculiarly its own. When the thing is right, support it with all the power you possess. Do not let it be any half-hearted measure; but stand by it steadfastly. Let it be clearly understood by those about you that when you say 'no' you mean 'no,' and you will be respected far beyond the boy who wavers and falters and finally yields to the wrong.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS.

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' Subscribers for a list of ten subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep, and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of seven subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

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BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following: Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for fifteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

Mortar and Excitement.

(C. A. Stephens, in 'Youth's Companion.')

There is something instructive as well as amusing in a misadventure which recently befell one of our youthful subscribers named Hamlin Cobb. Master Cobb and a companion were near falling victims to what might be termed an unpremeditated chemical experiment. Some may even fancy that there was a flavor of the romantic in their adventure, although it is doubtful whether either of the young participants thought so at the time.

The Cobbs are farmers, and live in one of the midland rural towns of Maine. Their farm occupies a beautiful tract of upland on the east shore of a lake, known locally as the Great Pond. Their market and post-office are at a small village on the other side of the lake. The distance across by water is not much more than a mile, but the drive to the village, around the foot of the lake, is fully seven miles; and, moreover, the road is hilly.

It is therefore their usual custom to row across to the village; and they have for this purpose a pretty, well-kept rowboat, capable of carrying eight persons, which they use in fine weather and on special occasions, such as going to church; an older, smaller boat, which they use on wet days, when one or two only are going over to the post-office, or on light errands; and a strong, large boat which they use for transporting heavy articles to and from the village stores.

They have an old-fashioned, two-story country farmhouse, painted white, with green blinds, which was built two generations ago, soon after Grandfather Zenas Cobb cleared the farm and settled there. It stands on the height of land overlooking the lake, and has four very large elms at the foot of the sloping dooryard. Off to the westward, across Great Pond, the view is an especially charming one. On very clear days the peak of Mt. Washington in New Hampshire can be discerned, although a great distance away.

So charming have the many relatives and friends of the family found the location and the plentiful farmhouse table, that for several summers, from June to September, the Cobbs have been fairly thronged with company. Often eight or ten visitors would be at the farmhouse at once.

Purely in self-defence, and in order not to be eaten out of house and home and worked to death in the effort to care for their friends, the farmer and his wife resolved to transform their home henceforth into a summer boarding-house. They reasoned that as about everything that they could produce on the farm, in the way of crops and dairy products, was now required to supply the table in summer, their only hope of escaping the poorhouse lay in a charge of six dollars a week for all visitors during July and August.

This thrifty resolution was taken about the tenth of last June; and by way of getting ready for the new order of things, certain repairs had to be made. The kitchen, sitting-room and five or six chambers needed to be replastered and newly papered. Now, plasterng requires the making of mortar; and to make mortar, quicklime, hair and sand have to be had.

Immediately after noon on the thirteenth, Mr. Cobb set off with his horses and cart to draw home the sand, and he bade his son, Hamlin, cross over to the village in the market boat, and get six casks of lime and hair enough to make the mortar from Dennet Bros.' general store. He also told Hamlin to see a mason who lived on the outskirts of the village, and bespeak his services early the following week to plaster the rooms.

'Try to get back by four o'clock, Hamlin,' his father said to him, 'for I shall want you to help me rig up a mortar-bed and sift the sand when I come.'

Hamlin was not long in sculling across, for practice had made him an adept in navigating the pond. He bargained for the lime and then wheeled the casks, each weighing about two hundred pounds, down to the boat on a barrow, and rolled them aboard, taking care to keep them dry. They settled the small craft well in the water. But the two packages of hair were light, and on the whole the boat trimmed well.

He had then to see Sears, the mason, and walked to his house. On his way back, he met a party of eight village boys going out to the fair-grounds to play baseball.

'Here's Ham Cobb!' they cried. 'Just the man we want! Come on, Ham, and play baseball with us! We lack a man, and we are going to play Doble's Corners. We want you to pitch!'

'I guess I can't go,' replied Hamlin. 'I've got to be at home at four o'clock.'

'Oh, well, but it's only half-past two now!' they urged. 'You can play an hour all right, till Bert Haines comes.'

Hamlin looked at his watch. 'Yes,' said he, 'I can scull across in half an hour, I suppose. I will play an hour—just an hour, and no more.'

'Good boy!' they said; and all went on together to the fair-grounds.

The Doble's Corners nine was already on the field. The game began; and Hamlin could not well get away until five minutes of four, when Bert Haines appeared and took his place. He then ran back through the village to the little plank wharf where they hitched lake boats, cast off hastily, pushed out and squared his feet in the stern, to do some fast sculling home.

Hardly had he set the oar-shank in the rowlock, when he heard his name called, in girlish accents which he knew well and was rather fond of hearing.

'Please, Ham, wait for me! Can't I go over with you? I came around with mother this morning, but she had to go home at noon. I wanted to stay to see the Hoyt girls. But I'm afraid I shall have to walk clear around home.'

It was a schoolmate of Hamlin's, Francette Bartlett, who lived on the east side of the pond, not far from the Cobbs.

Anxious about the delay, yet secretly glad to have Francette's company homeward, he changed the oar and brought the heavy boat back to the landing-place.

'Why, yes, of course I can take you,' he said. 'But the boat is full of lime and things. You will have to sit on a lime cask, and maybe get your dress white.'

'Oh, I don't care for that!' cried Francette, laughing as she hastened down to the landing. 'Any way to get home, for I'm sure there's a shower coming. There's a black cloud in the west, and I thought I heard it thunder a little just as I spoke to you.'

'That is a black cloud, and no mistake!' said Hamlin. He had been in such a hurry that he had hardly looked at the sky. 'But I guess we can get across before it comes here.'

Francette climbed to a seat on the side of the cask which had been rolled farthest into the bow of the boat, and Hamlin put off again, regretting that in order to scull he must necessarily stand with his back to his pleasant passenger.

He had made but a few turns of the oar, when a very audible peal of thunder caused them both to scan the sky anxiously. The first thunder-shower of the summer was gathering in the westerly heavens.

'Do you believe we can get across before it strikes?' Francette asked.

'I guess so,' Hamlin replied, looking attentively at the clouds. 'It will not take me long, and that cloud does not seem to be rising very fast.'

He put forth his full strength at the oar and the boat moved forward on the pond. But it was heavy and low in the water. Altogether there was a larger load than Hamlin had ever sculled before, and although the boat moved steadily forward, he soon perceived that, do his best, a quick voyage was impossible.

The shower, moreover, appeared suddenly to gather blackness and loom up faster, as, darkening the heavens, it drew over the pond.

'Oh, dear, we are going to get wet!' Francette exclaimed, with a thought, no doubt, of her holiday hat and dress.

'I don't know but we are!' replied Hamlin, ruefully, and redoubled his efforts.

A bright flash and a heavy peal of thunder, which seemed very close at hand, now filled them both with real apprehension.

'Yes, it's coming!' cried Francette. 'See, it's raining at the village now! Hear it roar! See the trees bend! Oh, what shall we do?'

'We shall get a ducking, no mistake!' admitted Hamlin. 'Here, put my coat around you!' He threw the garment across the casks to her. 'I'm much too warm,' he added, as Francette started to decline it.

The girl had barely time to wrap it about herself when the shower struck, with a flash of vivid lightning, awful, rattling thunder and a blinding dash of wind-driven rain.

Hamlin was obliged to crouch in the stern; he could not stand up before the storm. Francette, in the bow, bent as low as she could, and pulled the coat over her head and face. The boat drifted off its course, and waves began to dash over the gunwale.

But the war of elements was not their greatest peril. Thus far Hamlin had not been very greatly alarmed, for he was used to the pond, and knew about what the boat would endure if he kept the stern to the wind.

But immediately a commotion aboard, inside the casks of lime, attracted their notice. Noises issued from the interior of these, and a cloud of white dust, or vapor, was gushing out at the chinks. Lime-casks are never made tight; the deluge of rain and the slop of the waves had found access to the unslaked lime inside.

'Oh, I'm choking!' shrieked Francette; and indeed the fumes of the lime were enveloping her.

As quickly as possible, Hamlin worked

the stern of the boat around, fetching the bow into the wind, and then hastily sprang across the casks to that end—for the vapor nearly suffocated him.

The chemical commotion increased every moment. Three of the casks burst. Smoke and the odor of scorched staves mingled with the white clouds of dust that gushed upward. They had fire aboard as well as fumes.

It would now have been better to dash water plentifully on the lime; although, probably, enough to slake it would have swamped the boat. But Hamlin did not think of doing that. In fact, Francette's terror and her entreaties to be saved occupied his entire attention. The cask in the bow on which she had been sitting, was the last to become wet. When that started to smoke and fume, they were, indeed, in an evil plight, for it was close beside them.

Relief became imperative, for as the boat veered round again, dust, fumes and the smoke of burning hair and cask-staves enveloped them.

Hamlin turned his eyes in desperation shoreward through the still driving rain. He could swim and might have escaped from the boat to land, himself; but to swim ashore with a frightened girl clinging to him was quite another matter. But they were choking. Something he must do, and that quickly. Winding the short bit of line attached to the ring in the boat's nose about his waist, he dropped overboard at the bow.

'Oh, don't leave me!' gasped Francette, clutching at his collar.

'No, no, I'm not going to!' Hamlin exclaimed. 'But you must let yourself down into the water and hold on to me.'

Had there been a less urgent cause, the girl would no doubt have been slow to do so; but now she slid down into the water, clutching her companion's clothing as in a death-grip. Rain and waves splashed against them and spattered in their faces; but Hamlin held fast to the line, and Francette held equally fast to him. The bow of the boat now sheltered them from the vapor and heat; and there was presented the singular spectacle of two persons overboard, supporting themselves with the bowline of their boat, while the boat itself sent up a vast white pillar of steam and smoke as it drifted on with the squall.

They had been in the water for fifteen or twenty minutes, when the boat drifted near a small island, and they were able to wade ashore. By this time the shower had passed. Hamlin's father had been watching them in considerable anxiety from the farmhouse, when the squall struck the boat, but lost sight of them in the rain.

When the sky cleared, he discovered them on the island, where the boat was now sending up a cloud of steam, and lost no time in putting off to their assistance in the smaller boat. Thus the adventure ended less seriously than at one time had seemed possible. Beyond getting very wet and chilly, neither Hamlin nor Francette was much the worse for their hazardous voyage across the pond.

Mr. Cobb supposed at first that his lime would prove a loss from being 'burnt,' on account of imperfect slaking. The boat was towed to the landing, however, and then, with the lime still in, hauled to the house. Sand and hair were added later in the usual proportions; and Sears, the mason, declared that he never spread better mortar.

It might certainly be described as mortar, tempered with adventure and a dash of romance.

The Lesson in Every-Day Life.

(Charles Frederic Goss, D.D., in 'Sunday-School Times.')

The spirit of Moses is born again and again. Every day and everywhere heroic souls struggle from obscurity and poverty into renown and power.

We 'white folks' think the obstacles in the way of our success are mountains high. But they are mole-hills compared with those which a black man has to climb.

Moses was the son of a slave, and so was E. C. Berry of Athens, Ohio (the son or the grandson). Let me tell you his story.

One day, when he was a little 'shaver' eight or ten years of age, Berry was stumbling along the street with a tremendous basket on his arm. He bent sideways under its weight, to keep his equilibrium, until he looked like a carpenter's square.

A kind-hearted white man met him on the village street.

'Little man,' said he, 'you have a pretty heavy load.'

'Yes,' replied the sturdy youngster, rolling up his black eyes, and showing his white teeth in a happy smile, 'but I'll get there.'

And he did.

When he had grown to manhood, a banker in Athens lent him fifty dollars to start a confectionery business, and he and his faithful wife began their struggles with poverty, prejudice, and bigotry on the main street of a country town. They made the best sweetmeats, fried the best oysters, and baked the best flapjacks of anyone in the county.

By and by the guests of the village hotel began to leave its very ordinary table and steal across the street to fill their hungry stomachs with 'Brer' Berry's toothsome viands.

'Why don't you start a hotel of your own?' asked one of them at last.

I can imagine how it made the black man's heart beat. I can hear him talking it over with his wife when the shop had been closed that night, and they were seated on the back piazza, with the fragrance of the honeysuckle wafted from the garden, the stars shining down from the sky on 'the just and the unjust,' the white and the black alike, and the 'chilluns' asleep in the cradle.

'Who would sleep under the roof of a tavern kept by "niggers"?' 'What is the use of black folks ever hoping to do anything more than slaves?' 'Nothing can overcome the prejudice of blood.' 'We can't make bricks without straw.'

Over and over again, night after night, day after day, they traversed these hot and beaten paths of their thought, but at last courage rose with danger, purpose with difficulty.

'Let's try,' they said.

To-day they keep the best country hotel in the United States of America. I spent last Sunday there, and saw the names of sixty travelling men registered on the book. Trust them to find a good hotel! If they are anywhere within fifty miles of Athens, they make for 'Berry's.' Clean beds, refreshing baths, pure air, and such food as their mothers cooked when they were boys, or their sweethearts when they were married!

And there isn't a bar on the premises! Berry doesn't 'advertise' to keep a 'temperance' hotel—he just keeps it, and the best men on the road patronize him. One night there were forty of these commercial travellers from Berry's Hotel at the evening service of the Presbyterian Church, and some men say that drummers are only devils with grip-sacks.

Behold this poor boy, then, like another Moses, 'very great in the land of Ohio, in the sight of Pharoah's servants, and in the sight of the people,' revered by his black brethren and respected by his white.

A quarter of a century after the incident of his boyhood that kind-hearted man recalled it to the landlord's memory:

'And you've got there,' he said.

'Yes,' replied the noble black man, 'I've got there, but I am still bearing my burden.'

Like Moses in this also.

These great hearts never lay their burdens down. In fact (and don't forget this, my little barefooted boy—black, white, red or yellow), men 'get there' by 'bearing burdens.' Did you know that, if a horse gets 'stalled,' he will 'pull his load,' if you will only lay a heavy bag of wheat across his back?

Moses, Booker T. Washington, and E. C. Berry!

Such men belong in the same class. They surmount enormous obstacles, overcome terrific prejudices, bear intolerable burdens, but they 'get there.'

Just such achievements as theirs still await accomplishment at the hands of just such indomitable spirits.

They have all drawn their strength from the same inexhaustible source. These men have believed in Providence. They believe in the right of every man into whom God has breathed the breath of life (irrespective of color, race, or previous condition) to take a man's place in the world by doing a man's part of the work of the world.

Nothing Between.

When Dr. James W. Alexander was dying, his wife sought to comfort him with several Bible promises, and quoted to him:

'I know in whom I have believed.'

The good man at once corrected her by saying:

'Not "in whom I have believed," but "I know whom I have believed."'

He would not suffer even a little preposition to be between his soul and his Saviour.

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, $3 a year.
'Weekly Witness,' post paid, $1 a year.
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'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.

A LESSON SONG

Bow down, green Forest so fair and good
Bow down, green Forest and give us wood!
The forest gives us tables,
The forest gives us chairs,
The bureau and the sideboard,
The flooring and the stairs,
The ships that skim the ocean,
The cars in which we ride,
The crib in which the Baby sleeps,
Drawn close to Mothers side.
Bow down, green Forest so fair and good,
Bow down, green Forest and give us wood!

Give up, ye Mines, so dark and deep.
Give up the treasure that close ye keep!
The mines are dug
In the earth so deep.
'Tis there that silver
And gold do sleep.
Copper and iron
And diamonds fine.
Coal, tin, and rubies,
All come from the mine.
Give up, ye Mines, so dark and deep,
Give up the treasure that close ye keep

O Sea, with billows so bright, so blue,
Full many a gift we ask of you.
Corals, yes and sponges,
Clams and oysters too,
And the radiant pearl drop
The oyster hides from view,
The fish we eat for dinner,
The shells upon the shore,
The whale bone for our Mothers gown,
All these and many more,
O Sea, with billows so bright, so blue,
Full many a gift we ask of you.

Ye broad green meadows, so fresh and fair,
Oh, ye have many a treasure rare.
Flowers the loveliest,
Barley and corn,
Oats, wheat and clover tops,
Berry and thorn,
Grass for the flocks and herds,
Herbs for the sick,
Rice, too, and cotton,
The darkies do pick,
Ye broad green meadows, so fresh and fair,
Oh, ye have many a treasure rare.

So earth and air, so land and sea
Give kindly gifts to you and me
Should we not be merry,
Gentle, too, and mild,
When the whole wide earth doth wait
On each little child?
Should we not, in quiet,
At our Mother's knee,
Praise our Heavenly Father,
Thank him lovingly?
Since earth and air, and land and sea
Give kindly gifts to you and me:
Since earth and air, and sea and land,
Come from our Heavenly Father's hand!

Laura E. Richards

Little Ben's Travels.

'I went to Turkey and Arabia once,' said Little Ben. 'I travelled about a great deal with grandpa.'

'I saw the mosques, which are their churches. They do not have bells; they call the people to prayer with their voices; going out upon places made to stand on, and clapping their hands and crying out: 'Come to prayer, oh ye faithful, come to prayer.' Then the people pray, but they wash their hands first. They must wash before they utter the name of 'Allah,' which is what they call God.

'Grandpa told me what they meant, and after awhile I understood a little myself, and could talk to Ali.'

'Who was Ali?' asked Cousin Jim.

'He was Mr. Kutub's largest boy,' said Ben. 'Of course the

gentleman was not called Mister, but I do not know what else to say. He was a merchant. He entertained grandpa very nicely.

'They always drank coffee when they talked business. Mr. Kutub had a long black beard. It came to his waist. It was glossy as silk. He was always very serious.

'Mrs. Kutub stayed in a room of her own, where there were other ladies, and kept the little girls with her.

'The ladies wore thin white veils, even in the house. Out of doors a black silk gown, like a Mother Hubbard, and a veil that hid every bit of their faces but one eye. The ladies rode on donkeys when they went out. They never walked. They seemed very pleasant and laughed a good deal.

'The little girls never played with us.'

'All the little boys had bald heads. They were shaved smooth. They wore funny little turbans on them, and had loose trousers and cloth gowns, and slippers with curly toes. They took off their slippers when they went into the house.

'I went to school with them once. The schoolmaster was a young man, dressed much as they were. He sat on a flat cushion in the middle of the room, and all the scholars sat about him in a half circle, right on the floor. He had a sort of flat tray, full of sand, and a long ivory stick with a sharp point. When they were all assembled he made them say something. I think it must have been a little prayer. Then he wrote something on the sand with the stick. Each of the pupils read it in turn. Then the teacher wrote something else. When the sand was covered with writing a little black boy came and made it smooth again.

'The Bible they use is called the Koran, and all the boys had to be taught that by heart; but I could not stay while they were learning that, because I was not a Mohammedan. The boys played more than they studied, and they had cimitars made of tin and gilded.

'I stayed with Mr. Kutub's family a good many weeks. Then he left home to go with a caravan across the desert, and he told me that he would take me to my grandfather.

'I said good-bye to Ali and the other boys, and asked them to come and see me in New York, and then I went away with Mr. Kutub.

'We travelled some time before we came to a town on the borders of the desert we had to cross. It was a great place covered with sand. There were lots of camels, all laden with packs of goods. The camels kneel down and are loaded, and rise with their loads. There were litters on most of them for people to ride on, and awnings over them.

'There was one camel which carried, besides a litter with a striped awning all trimmed with fringe, a very queer, long bag. Mr. Kutub told me I must ride that camel. The camel was named Lulee. The drivers were kinder to her than they were to the other animals, but she seemed unhappy. The bag seemed to worry her, and she kept turning her head to look at it, and grumbling and grunting discontentedly.

'It was such a queer looking bag that I kept wondering what could be in it. Now and then I thought it moved. We started at night. People always cross the desert after dark for the sake of coolness and the stars and moon were overhead, and the bells on the camels' necks jingled, and the drivers began to sing together. It was all so strange and quiet that I should have liked it very much, only that riding on a camel makes people as if they were seasick at first. When the morning came, and the caravan stopped for breakfast, I was very glad.

'The camels seemed glad, too, especially Lulee. She kneeled down in a great hurry, and looked at me as if she would eat me when Mr. Kutub lifted me off her back. Then she looked at the bag and gave such a heart-broken cry.

'Mr. Kutub laughed, and said:

''Now, look, little Ben—look!'

'Indeed I did look, for one of the camel-drivers was opening the queer bag, and as he did so, out came four long legs, like stilts, and a tiny, white body, and a neck like a snake, and a queer little head, with yellow eyes, a great mouth that seemed to be grinning, and big, flapping lips. It was funnier than any brownie. I could not guess what it could be, and I asked Mr. Kutub.

''He is a baby camel,' he told me, 'Lulee's baby. She loves him—see how glad.' And, indeed Lulee was glad, and so was the baby who began the funniest dance you ever saw, its long legs going all ways at once. He seemed to be showing off, like a conceited person, and laughed and laughed. I have to laugh now when I think of that baby camel. It was the funniest thing I saw in all my journeys. After awhile it grew tired and lay down close to its mother and had its breakfast, just like a little calf, and when it had finished, the men milked Lulee, and we all had camel's milk and hot cakes for breakfast. They tasted very nice.'

—'Lutheran Observer.'

Make Somebody Glad.

On life's rugged road,
As we journey each day,
Far, far more than sunshine
Would brighten the way,
If, forgetful of self
And our troubles, we had
The will and would try
To make other hearts glad.

Though of the world's wealth
We've little in store,
And labor to keep
Grim want from the door,
With a hand that is kind,
And a heart that is true,
To make others glad
There is much we may do.

And a word kindly spoken,
A smile, or a tear,
Though seeming as nothing,
Full often may cheer.
Each day of our lives
Some treasure would add,
To be conscious that we
Have made somebody glad.

Those who sit in the darkness
Of sorrow, so drear,
Have need of a trifle
Of solace and cheer.
There are homes that are desolate
Hearts that are sad;
Do something for some one—
Make somebody glad.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

LESSON XIII.—JUNE 28.

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Golden Text.

The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom. II. Timothy iv., 18.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 22.—Acts xx., 28-38.
Tuesday, June 23.—Acts xxi., 3-12.
Wednesday, June 24.—Acts xxi., 30-39.
Thursday, June 25.—Acts xxiii., 12-22.
Friday, June 26.—Acts xxvi., 19-29.
Saturday, June 27.—Acts xxvii., 33-44.
Sunday, June 28.—Acts xxviii., 16-31.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

We have for six months been studying the history of the early church, and this was a continuation of the New Testament lessons that were finished a year ago.

The lessons of the past six months began with the entrance of the Gospel into Europe, whither it was carried by Paul on his second missionary journey. The time covered by the events of the last six months' lessons was about ten years, from A.D. 51 to about A.D. 61 or 62. The last quarter's studies, however, cover four or five years, A.D. 57 to A.D. 61 or 62. We were occupied with the close of the third missionary journey and the events which resulted in Paul's going to Rome as a prisoner.

In reviewing these lessons, whether as teacher or scholar, let us urge again the importance of a map. It will wonderfully aid the memory in fixing places and events.

In reviewing a quarter's lessons it has been customary to consider the chief events, or teachings, of the lessons by themselves, and under the titles or dates of the separate lessons. This time, however, we are going to try another plan. It must be remembered that we do not learn of these things as merely in Sunday-school lessons, but rather as great facts and truths set forth in the Word of God to men. There may be in the minds of some an unconscious tendency to associate the arrest of Paul, for example, with the date upon which we study about it and with the Golden Text, and the notes furnished in our helps. In other words, we take it out of its associations and make it almost a thing by itself, instead of one event in a history covering some thirty years.

Instead of breaking the review up into small parts under lesson titles, etc., we will consider in outline the whole quarter's work as one lesson. Not only so, but we will assume that the scholars have already made themselves familiar with the facts of these lessons, and will not set them down again, but will ask questions about the events, the persons, the places, and the truths, which we have studied during the past three months. The quarter began with the lesson for April 5, 'Paul's Farewell to Ephesus.'

QUESTIONS UPON THE QUARTER'S WORK.

What was the scene of this address by Paul? To whom did he speak? How did they come to be at this place? What missionary journey of the Apostle's was this? Was it near the beginning or end of that journey? What was the date? What was the nature of this address? How had Paul conducted himself while at Ephesus? Can you give any of the main points of Paul's address? What dangers did he foresee for the Ephesian church? Did he ever expect to see those before him again? What was done when the Apostle closed his remarks? Describe briefly the closing scene of this incident in Paul's life.

Where was Paul when he wrote to the Corinthian church about the resurrection? Do you remember what sort of city Corinth was? Had Paul ever been there? What great hope does Paul held out to those who die in the Christian faith? At the time of the resurrection what are the chief things that will occur? In what order will the Lord gather his dead and living saints to himself? Do you think the doctrine of the resurrection one of great importance, and why? Have you this hope?

What has chapter xiii. of Romans been called? What would you say was its subject? What is said by its writer about our duty to earthly rulers? Is it a Christian's duty to obey and honor earthly rulers? What is our great duty to our fellow-men? What is the fulfilling of the law? For what are we not to make provision?

At the close of his third missionary journey what city did Paul visit? What led him to go there? In going from Miletus to Jerusalem, at what place of importance did Paul stop for a few days? Did the disciples Paul met at Tyre and Cesarea urge him to go on to Jerusalem or not? Where did Paul stop while at Cesarea? Who came to him there and took especial pains to show what would befall him at Jerusalem? Have you ever met the name of the prophet Agabus before? What was Paul's decision?

What were the events that led to Paul's arrest? In what building was Paul at the time the trouble began? What custom led him to be there? What did the mob seek to do to the Apostle? Who came to his rescue? What did the chief captain suspect about Paul? What did Paul wish permission to do? Was the mob easily restrained? Could the chief captain learn from the people the cause of the trouble?

Did Paul gain permission to speak to the people? Did the people hear him at all? At what saying in his speech did they interrupt? Why was this? Do you know what happened to Paul after his attempt to address the multitude? How did he escape the Jewish council? How did the Lord comfort him? What special promise did the Lord make to Paul at this time? What new peril now arose? How many men were banded together in this conspiracy? Who did they take into their confidence? What plan was determined upon in order to kill Paul? How did the plot come to fail? Who was it that discovered it and warned Paul? To whom did Paul send the young man? Do you know what prompt action the chief captain took? Where and to whom did he send Paul?

What was the name of the governor to whom Paul was sent? What further efforts did the Jews make to destroy the Apostle? Did Felix yield to their request? How did Paul's earnestness seem to affect Felix? How was Paul treated while in prison in Cesarea? What was the effect upon Felix of Paul's personal presentation of the faith of Christ to him? What do we find that Felix hoped Paul would do to regain his liberty? How long was Paul imprisoned in Cesarea?

Can you name the governor who followed Felix as ruler over Judea? What did the Jews want the new governor to do? Did he do it? How did Paul meet their charges? To whom did he now appeal? Why was Festus uncertain about accusing Paul to Nero? To what king did he refer the case? Who was Agrippa? What did Agrippa wish now to do? Under what circumstances did Agrippa and Festus hear Paul's defense? Have you read this speech of Paul? By whose help was Paul able to 'continue'? Who interrupted Paul? What question did Paul suddenly ask Agrippa? What did King Agrippa say? What was the decision about Paul?

What do you know about the importance of the eighth chapter of Romans? How is it related to the seventh? Who are under 'no condemnation?' How was Paul made free from the law of sin and death? What is it to be spiritually minded? What is it to be carnally minded? If the Spirit of him that raised Christ from the dead be in us, what of our mortal bodies? Who are the sons of God?

After the defense before Agrippa, what was done with Paul? Where did the first ship upon which he embarked belong? Where did he change ships? Was the centurion kind or harsh toward Paul? When they had entered the second ship did they sail rapidly? To what great island did they come? What did Paul want the officers of the ship to do? Did they heed his advice? What happened when they left the Fair Havens? What was the name of this wind that now blew so hard? How did Paul act during this great storm? What encouragement did Paul give to the sailors and others? What did he do to aid in the work? How long were they tossed in this storm? What did Paul urge for the health of the company? How many were on the ship? Were any drowned? How did they finally get to land? Where did they find themselves when they came ashore?

When Paul had finally landed in Italy, where did he first tarry? Who met him when on the way to Rome? How did this affect Paul? Was Paul confined in a common prison in Rome? Where did he live while there? Whom did he call together soon after he reached Rome? What did he say to them? How did the Jews answer him? What did they desire? What occurred at this second meeting? Did the Jews believe what Paul said? Who would receive the Gospel, according to Paul's statement to these Jews? How long was Paul now a prisoner at Rome, and what did he do during this time? What do scholars tell us about the close of Paul's life?

Who was Timothy? What had been his early training? What kind of epistle is this second to Timothy called? How long before Paul's death was II. Timothy written? Where was Paul when it was written? What did Paul urge upon Timothy to do, after he has shown him how men shall later turn from sound doctrine? What does he say about the inspiration of Scripture? What did Paul solemnly charge Timothy to do? What did Paul say about his own work in the ministry? What was laid up for him and for all faithful Christians?

What has the past quarter's studies taught you? Enumerate to yourselves the leading points of these twelve lessons. Has the study of Paul's life and writings given you a better knowledge of your own spiritual condition and needs, and of your duty?

Next week we take up again our Old Testament studies, the lesson being 'Israel Asking for a King.' I. Samuel viii., 1-10.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, June 28.—Topic—Christ in our cities. Acts xviii., 1-11; Luke xix., 41-44; Matt. xi., 23, 24.

Junior C. E. Topic

CONTROLLING OUR TONGUES.

Monday, June 22.—Speaking properly. Prov, xxv., 11, 12.

Tuesday, June 23.—Speaking kindly. Prov. xxxi., 26.

Wednesday, June 24.—Testifying. Acts ii., 40.

Thursday, June 25.—Idle words. Matt. xii., 36.

Friday, June 26.—Mischievous words. Prov. xv., 1.

Saturday, June 27.—False words. Prov. x., 18.

Sunday, June 28.—Topic—How Jesus helps us control our tongues. Matt. xv., 11; I. Pet. ii., 22, 23; Jas. iii., 2-5.

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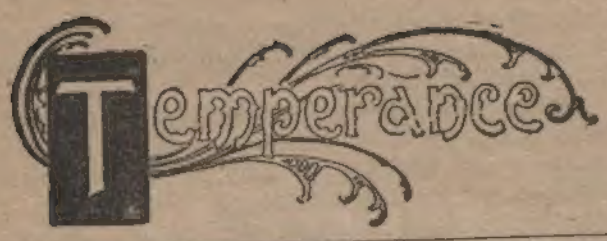

A Fight Against Odds

(Kate Anderson, in the 'Union Signal.')

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Mr. Kilgour, a railway conductor, is killed in the wreck of his train caused by the blunder of a drunken engineer. His son Ralph takes a position as clerk in a hotel and the second son, Willie, is offered the place of assistant, but refuses from a nameless fear of having anything to do with the 'Thing' that caused his father's death. Allie, the only daughter, has a position as stenographer. Claude, the youngest, a fine boy of twelve, handsome and gifted, generous and loving, is in school. Willie's action in refusing a position connected with the sale of liquor comes to the notice of the W.C.T.U. women and the ministers of the city, who make much of him socially, while a Methodist 'pillar' gives him a good position, and he makes new friendships among the best class of people. He soon becomes a Christian. Claude fails in his examinations, acts moody and sour and is discovered smoking a cirgarette. He promises to reform, but continues the practice in secret.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Again a consultation was held with Ralph. Ere midnight, by diligent detective work, the two young men had unearthed the facts that Claude did drink beer, and that he mingled with the lowest company to be found in that tough little city; that he had never ceased the use of cigarettes, that he sneaked away with other depraved youths to devour the vilest, most pernicious, most unspeakably filthy literature that could be procured by lawful or unlawful means; that, young as he was, he had entered into low vice to hear of which made even Ralph's bronzed cheek blush.

It was useless taxing Claude. He denied everything, and when proofs of his guilt were shown him, he indifferently admitted that he had been lying.

'And where has all the money been coming from?' asked Ralph, who had been himself drawing Claude's pay for him and seeing that no money was handled by him.

Claude half smiled at the simplicity of this question. 'Oh, pshaw,' he replied derisively. 'Do you suppose any fellow with half an ounce of brains can't pick up an odd tip or earn a dime in a town like this, to say nothing of swaps?'

'But,' said Willie, 'you promised to give every cent you got to mother to take care of, so you could not be tempted.'

'Rats!' replied the boy.

Ralph said not a word, but he picked the young reprobate up by the coat collar, and carrying him to the far woodshed, administered such a complete and thorough horsewhipping that Claude never forgot. Claude howled for mercy like a young Comanche, and when the punishment ceased he was a thoroughly subdued and frightened boy.

'Now,' said Ralph, 'that's the dose you get every time we hear of your smoking a single cirgarette, or in any particular disobeying any command given you by one in this house. You never get any unreasonable ones.'

This last outbreak it was decided to keep from the little mother, who happened to be out visiting a friend in the country when these latest discoveries took place.

'Willie,' said Ralph, as the brothers disrobed that night, 'I've quit the hostelry—had a row with Cruickshank.'

'How's that?' asked Willie, deeming it prudent not to allow face and voice to reveal his joy at this intelligence.

'Well you see, Cruickshank owns that cigar store on Sandwich avenue, run for him by that sneak of a Lafferty, where the boys get supplied with all the cigarettes they can pay for in spite of the law. I spoke to him about it, and to my surprise he—well, he wasn't nice. The truth is, Cruickshank is identified heart and soul with all the tobacco and liquor interests in the county. Last night he was elected president of the South-western Tobacco Growers' Union. I tell you what it is, Billy, I'm turning prohibitionist. Of course, I never did have any personal use for either liquor or tobacco, and as a question of common sense, could never see how the country benefited in the long run by the traffic. But I never concerned myself about the question till lately. It stands to reason, though, that if no beer or liquor were to be had, Claude could not get off on these tears, and the same with cigarettes. Say, it beats me all to pieces how it comes that cigarettes are permitted to be made and sold. Even liquor has a limited sphere of usefulness as a preservative or drug, while it would be hard to convince some that tobacco is anything more than a harmless, useless, expensive and filthy luxury, though it's precious few confirmed or enslaved tobacco users I know who amount to a row of pins compared with what is in them to be, if they'd leave the narcotic alone. But I don't know that I ever heard anyone even attempt to say a good word for cigarettes, no more among the most confirmed tobacco sots, than among temperance cranks. All agree in admitting them to be the most devilish poison to brain, body and soul known to exist. You can set to work and reform a drunkard if he himself really wants to reform, but there seems no material to begin on in a cigarette fiend. Get a drunkard sobered up and he is full of vim and energy to reform, as far as the will goes, but there is no will, no enthusiasm, no anything that is not dried up and dead in a cigarette fiend.'

'But do you suppose,' asked Willie, anxious to draw out his elder brother, 'that a prohibition law could ever be enforced?'

'Certainly not, at least in this county, at present,' was the quick reply. 'But conditions are much more healthy back of us, and my theory is that it is a most idiotic policy to legalize and control anything which is wrong in itself. So long as evil works forth under the cover of law and respectability, there will ten men fall where there would otherwise be but one. There will always be a percentage of people who will steal and murder and burn barns and use foul language, in spite of the most stringent laws and penalties, but these gentry are not favorites in good society, and are obliged to resort to all kinds of unpopular and unpleasant devices to gain their ends. Take divorce in Michigan, for instance. Lots of men would think twice before clearing out with their neighbor's wife, but under the cover of an easy divorce law, which insures the legality and respectability of their action, many will secure a divorce and marry the "lady next door." Plenty of swell fellows who think a lot of themselves, but don't hesitate to enter a high-toned licensed saloon or bar-room to learn to be drunkards, would never stoop for an instant to underhand or low devices to obtain a drink. I tell you, a town containing a low hole where rowdies resort to drink on the sly, though it speaks badly for its power to enforce the law, is morally better off than a town containing a so-called "respectable" and high-toned licensed drinking place which makes drinking popular among the better class, while also affording an open opportunity for the lowest class to indulge their desires without the stigma of being law-breakers.'

'Great Scott!' mentally ejaculated Willie, 'isn't Ralph great? Sound as a bell and solid as a rock when he gets started on a tack. That fellow will make a mark if he sets out after it.'

In Willie's prayers that night arose a special petition for this brother who, he felt, was very near the kingdom.

Another change took place in Claude from the date of his somewhat severe, though not cruel punishment. Evidently the thrashing had made an impression on him which all the prayers, entreaties, kindness, helpfulness and forbearance on the part of the entire family had failed to accomplish. This in itself was a heart-breaking evidence of the change which had taken place in Claude's noble, high-strung nature. Formerly, a tear in his mother's eye, a sisterly tenderness from Alice, an undeserved kindness from Ralph, was enough to melt Calude's frank, affectionate nature to instant repentance and atonement for any boyish fault. Now only the measures that might be applied to a brute beast could arouse any sensation in his frame. As soon as his mother arrived home, she was told that Claude had been smoking again, and her aid invoked in placing a doubly vigilant guard on his movements.

(To be Continued.)

Dr. Hutchinson, physician of the Kansas reformatory for boys, produces figures in his annual report showing that cigarettes are the cause of the downfall of more inmates in that institution than all other vicious habits combined. Of the 350 inmates in the reformatory last year, 236 claimed that the cigarette had driven them to crime.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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'World Wide.'

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The following are the contents of the issue of June 6, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Views on Mr. Chamberlain's Speech—'The Morning Post,' London; 'The Daily News,' London.
Mr. Asquith on Preferential Tariffs—The 'Manchester Guardian.'
Mr. Chamberlain and National Prosperity.
Mr. Chamberlain's South African Statement—'The Spectator,' London.
The Restless American—Ian Maclaren. In 'Our Neighbors.'
The Protector of Kings—'Household Words,' London.
The Zionist Movement—The 'Manchester Guardian.'
Interview with Mr. Carnegie—'Daily News,' London.
Railway Horrors vs. the 'Horrors of War'—The 'Scientific American.'
Canning's Rhyming Despatch to Sir C. Bayot—The 'Spectator,' London.
On Travel—H. Belloc, in the 'Daily News,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

J. M. W. Turner—Stopford Brooke, in 'The Pilot,' London.
Mosaic Marvels at Westminster—'The Westminster Budget.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Mile With Me—Poem, by Henry van Dyke, in the 'Outlook,' New York.
Annabel Lee—Poem, by Edgar Allan Poe.
Poe's Life and Letters—By Charles Leonard Moore, in the New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
Charles Lamb—'The Speaker,' London.
Life's Sunny Side—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
An Old Humorist—'The Athenæum,' London.
Thinking and Talking—By Claudius Clear, in the 'British Weekly,' London.
Self Advertising—The New York 'Evening Post.'
George Herbert—By A. G. Gardiner, in the 'Daily News,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

John Dalton—Manchester 'Guardian.'
Paul du Chaillu's Age—New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
Dr. Stanton Coit—'The Morning Leader,' London.
Creative Purpose—Lord Kelvin, Sir O. Lodge and the Rev. R. J. Campbell.
The Heavens in June—Henry Norris Russell, Ph.D., in the 'Scientific American.'

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Correspondence

Stellarton, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I visited the Cobequid mountains last year, and from the top you can see Prince Edward Island. It takes about five hours to climb up them. I go to school every day, and am in the fifth grade. We are to have a new station-house built here this summer. It is said that it will be one of the best in the Province. I hope I shall see more letters from Stellarton.

ROB .M. (age 11).

Hagersville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' as long as I can remember. I was eleven years old on February 2. I go to school every day, and I am in the fourth book. I go to the Presbyterian church and Sunday-school. All in our Sunday-school signed the pledge. I have two sisters and one brother. My brother is nine years old, and my eldest sister is twelve, and my little sister Grace three years old. I take music lessons, and am getting along nicely.

WILLA C.

Yarmouth, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have seen no letters from Yarmouth, so I thought I would write. Yarmouth is the largest town in the western part of Nova Scotia. We do not have much snow here. At the other end of the province, in Cape Breton, the snow is sometimes twelve feet deep. In Yarmouth it is seldom twelve inches deep; we have bare ground more than half the winter. My grandma lives in Central Argyle, twenty miles from Yarmouth, and I often visit her. One time, while I was there, I went in a sail-boat to Uncle Will's lobster factory, and saw how they can lobsters. The fishermen catch them in traps sunk in the sea. They take them to the factory, and boil them alive, because if they were dead the meat would be of no use. When they are alive they are a greenish-blue, and when cooked they are a bright red. The average length is about ten inches. When you handle a live one you must be careful not to get bitten with its claws. When it is cooked girls pick the meat out of the shells and pack them in cans. Men solder the covers on, and then boil the cans and send them to the market. A lady from Carleton County, N.B., was visiting my grandma, and my Uncle Ern caught a lobster at the shore and put it in her basket of gooseberries when she was not looking. When she turned round she gave a loud scream, for she was very frightened, having never seen a live lobster, and she thought it was some gigantic bug.

MacG. S. (age 10½ years).

Grand Anse, N.S.

Dear Editor,—Seeing no letters from here, I am going to write you. I have taken the 'Messenger' for over three years, and could not do without it. I am twelve years old, my birthday being on April 6. I am in the eighth grade in school. There are hardly any boys writing in the correspondence now. Cheer up, boys! and write. We live on a farm, and have seven horses, sixteen cows, twenty sheep and a lot of hens. I hope to see my letter in print. I am going to say good-bye, from

MURDOCH A. McP.

Moncton.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day, and am in the second reader. My papa is a farmer, and we live on a farm close to the Petitcodiac river. In summer, when the bore comes in, we take our dog down swimming, and it almost sweeps him away. I have three sisters and three brothers. I am ten years old, and my birthday is on August 25.

MARILLA H.

Sherbrooke, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—This is a lovely country. We live five miles from Sherbrooke. We have two lovely lakes about six miles from here. One is called the Massawippi, and the other is called the Little Magog. There is from six to seven hundred visitors come to Massawippi Lake through the summer months. I have a mile and a half to go to school. I am in the third reader. My birthday is on April 24. With good wishes to all the little folks.

C. D. N. (age 12).

Craighurst, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I will write and tell you of my trip from London, England, on the morning of March 23rd, 1899. There were 165 of us boys. We got on omnibuses, and started, and we got to the station after an hour's riding. Taking a train from Euston Station to Liverpool, we took the ship, which was 712 feet long, and which was called the 'Scotsman,' which has since gone down. We started after the captain had blown the whistle, and we went along well. Next morning we found ourselves getting a splendid view of a lovely part of Londonderry. We left there about noon, and all went well until next morning, when the most of us were seasick. We soon got over that, however, and played on deck. We sailed along for about a week seeing nothing but water, now and again seeing fish darting out from the waves. They had long bills on them about two or three inches long. At last we saw a large stretch of country a long way off, which was Sable Island. We also saw a large iceberg floating out to sea, and a large whale swimming around. They had to stop the boat to let an iceberg go past. We knew we were coming near land when we saw some sailing vessels coming out. We at last landed at Halifax on Saturday about midnight, and stayed there until Sunday at noon. It was on Easter Sunday. Some boys came on the boat to try to sell apples the next day. We were anchored in St. John harbor waiting for the tide to come in, and when it did we went to the pier and got off the boat and went to the train—for the first train ride in Canada. We went from St. John to Montreal, and then we changed cars and went to Toronto. Then we got ready to go to our situations.

GEORGE ALFRED M.

Ravenna, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is a very pretty place in the summer. My mother was in Scotland and England last year, and brought home some presents. My father is going to England and Scotland this year. There are a lot of people selling out and going away around here. The names of some of the books I have read are: 'Left Behind,' 'Nursery Tales for Children,' 'The Sliding Panel,' 'Bluff Cragg,' 'Stepping Heavenward,' 'Melbourne House,' 'The Royal Law,' 'The Circus at Sanday Holly,' and many others. I have about a mile and three-quarters to go to school. I like going to school. I go to Sunday-school nearly every Sunday that I can get out at all.

EVA B. (age 9).

Necum Teuch, Hal. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—Seeing so many letters from different parts of Canada, I at last have made up my mind to write one, too. I have taken the 'Messenger' for over a year, and I like it very much, especially the 'Correspondence Column,' which I read with interest every week. Necum Teuch, the name of this place, is derived from an Indian word meaning gravelly river. A few miles west of this is a small place called Moser River. Vessels and steamers of about fifty or sixty tons can go up quite a distance.

I am twelve years old, and am in the tenth grade at school. I have a great many studies, some of which I consider very hard.

MARY L. S.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

HOUSEHOLD.

In Scarlet Fever Cases.

The first step to be taken in scarlet fever, as in other contagious diseases, is prompt isolation, in a large, well-lighted, well-ventilated room. The room should be on a top floor, as far removed from the rest of the house as it is possible, and if it could be so arranged, this floor or part of the house should be shut off from the rest. Carpets, curtains pictures, upholstered furniture, ornaments, etc., should be removed; in fact, anything that cannot be burned, washed, or thoroughly fumigated when the sickness is over.

In order that the room may not be utterly bare or desolate, strips of old carpet may be laid on the floor, bright pictures from an illustrated paper or magazine can be pinned on the wall. It is best not to use a mattress; heavy blankets or comfortables folded and laid on the wire mattress make a soft and most comfortable bed to lie on. If this bed prove cold, layers of newspapers or heavy brown paper placed next to the wire spring, between it and the blanket, will overcome this difficulty. This kind of bed has a great advantage over a mattress, as it is much more clean and sanitary.

The sick room should be swept twice a day, and the sweepings immediately burned or placed in a box or paper bag. After the sweeping, the woodwork, furniture, etc., in the room should be wiped off thoroughly with a damp cloth wrung out of bichloride of mercury one to five thousand, or carbolic acid one to forty.

The nurse should be provided with rubber gloves to protect her hands during this process. The nurse should also wear a mob-cap to prevent the germs from getting into the hair, and should never be without it while in the sick-room. As it is quite necessary that the nurse should have some exercise in the fresh air, all clothes worn in the sick-room should be removed, as well as the shoes, in the room. The nurse can step outside the sick-room either into a smaller one or a portion of the hall screened off, and there put on the clothing to be worn outside. She can then go out with comparatively little danger of carrying the disease, but it is better that she should not go into other rooms or parts of the house.

It may be well to mention that all clothing worn in the sick-room should be made of cotton material and washable. All clothing and bedding from patient and nurse which is to go to the laundry should be soaked overnight in a solution of carbolic one to sixty, then placed in a bag which has been wrung out of the same solution, and the bag lowered from the window to the ground below, where it is taken by the laundress and placed in a boiler and boiled for half an hour before washing. The clothing can then be safely handled without the slightest danger of infection. If a nurse is careful and conscientious in carrying out these directions, there is very little danger of the germ-laden scales being scattered. At the end of five weeks the patient, if after careful inspection he shows no signs of scaling, may be released from the sick-room, and, in a few days if the weather is mild, be allowed to go out for a little while, but if the skin is still peeling, the isolation must be kept up for another week, or still longer, until it has surely ceased.—Marianna Wheeler, in 'Harper's Bazar.'

Training Children to Work.

('Omaha Advocate.')

Whatever work children are given to do, they should be taught to do it carefully and thoroughly. They should be encouraged to work with rapidity, but do not let it be at the expense of thoroughness. Don't require too much at first, not more than the child can do without becoming sick and tired of it, but the task once given, insist on perseverance until it is finished in the best possible manner. It

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is an important lesson learned when a child has learned how much more pleasure there is in doing a piece of work well, than in doing it in a careless, slip-slop manner. Children who have been trained to do a few things well will be careful and faithful workers in anything they undertake. The habit of accuracy will be seen in all they say, as well as in what they do. I know it takes unending patience to accomplish this, but we owe it to the child, and the result will more than pay for the trouble.

Selected Recipes

Scotch Fig Pudding.—Scrape two ounces of suet and rub into a breakfastcupful of grated bread crumbs; add one cleft of orange peel cut very fine, one cupful of milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of ginger, and one tablespoonful of cinnamon. Then add one-half a pound of finely chopped figs and a pinch of salt. Butter the pudding mold or dish and steam three and a half hours.

Spiced Molasses Wafers.—One cupful of brown sugar, one-half of a cupful of molasses, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half of a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cloves, one-quarter of a teaspoonful allspice, two tablespoonfuls of flour. Put the molasses, sugar and butter in a saucepan and boil gently over the fire until, when tried in cold water, a little of the mixture can be rolled into a very soft ball between the fingers; cover and set aside until cold. Add the spice, then the flour and a pinch of salt. Butter liberally a number of shallow tins. Make a tester by dropping a teaspoonful of the mixture on a greased pan and baking in a hot oven. This is necessary as with some brands of flour a trifle more may be indicated. The mixture will spead very much, and when taken from the oven the cake will be as thin as a wafer and should be taken at once from the pan.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal Canada, and Washington, D.C. Information relating to the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

Nos. 80,820, Wm. Godfrey Arnald, Kamloops, B.C., stove-pipe; 81,048, Wm. Godfrey Arnald, Kamloops, B.C., stove; 81,067, Messrs. D'Artois & Brouillette, Waterloo, P.Q., mowing machine; 81,068, Origene Gosselin, Drummondville, P.Q., churn; 81,100, Joseph LaBreche, Terrebonne, P.Q., ore separator; 81,155, Philippe Grenier, St. Joseph (Maskinonge), P.Q., hay press.

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'